

**Master Negative
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**The Great gun song
book**

London

[18--]

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Note : At head of title: Pattie's paragon.

**Note : "Songs of our Highland Heroes, Crimean Conquerors, Balaclava
Braves, Inkermann Invulnerables, and India Invincibles;
being a Military Melodist For the Infantry, Cavalry,
Artillery, and Militia of England. As far surpassing all
other Collections as the ordinary Ordnance is surpassed by**

Note : Running title on p. [3]-[7], [14]-[15]: New and favorite songs.

Note : At head of p. [2]: 206. Note : Without music.

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PATTIE'S PARAGON

THE GREAT GUN SONG BOOK.

Songs of our Highland Heroes, Crimean Conquerors,
Balaclava Braves, Inkermann Invulnerables, and
India Invincibles; being a

MILITARY MELODIST
For the **INFANTRY, CAVALRY, ARTILLERY,** and
MILITIA of ENGLAND.

As far surpassing all other Collections as the ordinary Ordnance is surpassed by

ARMSTRONG'S LONG-RANGE GUN.

Armstrong's Wonderful Gun,

(Written expressly for this Work.)

The Life of a Soldier.

The Camp at Aldershot.

The Soldier's Reward.

The Sleeping British Lion.

Never say Die, it won't do.

New Comic Version of **Cheer Boys**
Cheer!

Albion's Blue Eyes.

By J. A. Hardwick.

Dream of the Future.

By G. P. Cove.

Starlight Bess.

By T Ramsay.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

OLD ENGLAND SHALL WEATHER
THE STORM.

Auld Lank Syne

A-going to the War.

Bold Rifle Brigade, the

Battle Song.

God Defend the Right

Hence Sorrow, hence Care.

Ive Journeyed over many Lands.

Jack and the Bear Skin

Kitty Tyrrell.

Low-backed Car, the

Mother, is the Battle over?

My Beautiful Rhine

Not a Drum was heard.

O where is my Lover.

Our Native Land and Queen.

Oh, let me like a Soldier fall.

Peace to the dead.

Royal Rifle Corps, the

Rest, Warrior, Rest.

Scots Wha hae wi' Wallace Bled.

Song of the Outcast, the

There came a Tale to England.

The first Cannon-shot.

The Soldier's Tear.

The Tired Soldier.

The Campbells are Coming.

The Soldier's Dream.

The Sentinel

The Song of the Camp.

Viva, Viva, Victoria.

London; **PATTIE, 31, Paternoster Row.** One Penny.

OLD ENGLAND SHALL WEATHER THE STORM,

Old England, thy stamina never has yielded,
To the ills that have menac'd abroad and
at home,
And while all your energies nobly are wielded
Triumphant you still shall support free-
dom's dome.

Distress for a moment may dim your bright
glory, [shall deform ;
But the clouds shall pass over—no cares
The councils and people shall tell the proud
story.

Old England for ever shall weather the
storm.

Thy force single-handed, has long been vic-
torious, [the brave
The friend of the suffering—the pride of
Thy struggles, privations, have ever been
glorious,

The birth-place of liberty—home of the slave

Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaim-
ing, [disarm ;

No blast of misfortune thy strength can
Like thine own native oak, the rude tempest
disdaining,

Old England for ever shall weather the
storm.

MY BEAUTIFUL RHINE.

How sweet 'tis to wander,
When day beams decline,
And sunset is gilding,
My beautiful Rhine.

Dulia ! Dulia !

Hark, the bold hunter's horn,
Through the vale are its sweet echoes borne,
But no more on the mountain he'll merrily
roam,

For the smile of his love glads the bold hunter
home.

In thy waters reflected,
The stars palely shine—
Like his eyes darkly glancing,
My beautiful Rhine !
Dulia ! Dulia ! &c.

This heart wildly throbbing
In silence must pine,
Like the depths of thy waters,
My beautiful Rhine !
Dulia ! Dulia ! &c.

THE SONG OF THE OUTCAST !

I was born on a winter's morn—
Welcomed to life with hate and scorn—
Torn from a father's mother's side,
Who left me here with a laugh and sneer—
Left me here with the curse of life,
To be scorn'd about in the burning state—
Link'd to nothing but shame and pain,
Echoing nothing but man's disdain.
Oh, that I might again be born
With treble my strength of hate and scorn !
They cast me out in my hungry meed—
A dog, whom none would own nor feed :
Without a home—without a meal—
They bade me go forth to slay and steal.
What wonder, God ! had my hands been red
With the blood of a host, in secret shed !
But, no ! I fought on the free sea wave,
And peril'd my life for my plunder brave.
And never yet shrank in nerve or breath,
But struck, as the pirate strikes, to death !

I'VE JOURNEYED OVER MANY LANDS.

I've journey'd over many lands,
I've sailed on ever sea—
Vast Egypt's parched and burning sands,
No strangers are to me ;
But 'neath the Indian cot,
And the wide Atlantic sky,
Dear maid, thou'lt never be forgot,
Nor the fire of thy bright eye.

My home has been the mountain steep—
The desert's cave my bed,
When the winds have wafted me to sleep
And cool'd my aching head,
But yet the iron grasp of care,
Hath never dared to press:
The sunshine of thy smile was there,
In memory to bless.

O, WHERE IS MY LOVER.

O, where is my lover, so fickle and frail !
He vow'd he'd be constant to me ;
Yet haply, now tells to another the tale,
Oft whisper'd near yonder lov'd tree,
Those dew sprinkled branches by nature must
fade,
Those blossoms will soon withered be ;
But affection once blighted to man or to maid
Should prove firm as the root of a tree.

Kitty Tyrrell.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,
 You're looking as bright as the day—
 But while on your charms I'm dilating,
 You're stealing my poor heart away;
 But keep it and welcome Mavoureen,
 Its loss I'm not going to mourn,
 Yet one heart's enough for a body,
 So pray give me yours in return,
 Mavoureen, Mavoureen,
 O pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
 I've pigs and potatoes in store,
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
 And may be a pound or two more;
 It's all very well to have riches,
 But I'm such a covetous elf,
 I can't help still sighing for something,
 And, darling, that something's yourself,
 Mavoureen, Mavoureen,
 That something, you know, is yourself.

Your smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,
 Say "yes," and you'll never repent;
 Or if you would rather be silent,
 Your silence I'll take for consent.
 That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale,
 Now all that I have is your own.
 This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell
 Next week you'll be Mistress Malone,
 Mavoureen, Mavoureen,
 You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

The Low-Backed Car.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day,
 A low-back'd car she drove and sat
 Upon a truss of hay;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And decked with flow'rs of spring,
 No flow'r was there, that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-back'd car—
 The man at the turnpike bar—
 Never asked for his toll,
 But just rubbed his old poll,
 And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these;
 While she among her poultry sits
 Just like a turtle dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love.

While she sits in the low-back'd car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin'—
 As she sits in the low-back'd car,
 Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than coach and four and gold galore;
 And a lady for my bride;
 For the lady would set foremost me
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would set beside me
 With my arm around her waist.
 While we drove in the low-back'd car
 To be married by Father Mahar.
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At each glance and each sight,
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

God Defend the Right.

Our Country's Standard floats above,
 The ocean breeze to greet,
 And her thunder sleeps in awful calm,
 Beneath our trampling feet.
 But let a foeman fing abroad
 The banner of his wrath,
 And a moment will awake its roar
 To sweep him from our path—

Well may the sailor's heart exult,
 To view old England's might,
 The cry is up, the struggle near,
 May God defend the Right!

No Foreign Tyrant ever through
 Our wooden bulwarks broke;
 No British bosom ever quail'd
 Within our Walls of Oak.
 Behold our ships in war-like trim
 Careering thro' the wave.
 The Hope, the Home, the Citadel,
 Of Britain and the Brave—

Well may the sailors heart exult,
 To view old England's might!
 The cry is up, the struggle near,
 May God defend the right!

Hence Sorrow—Hence Care.

Hence sorrow—hence care,
 Hail happy pair,
 Pride is humbled, envy dies,
 And constancy obtains the prize.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

VIVA, VIVA, VICTORIA,

Rouse ye lovers of peace and of order,
Of true freedom with honour united!
Rally round the old Banner of England,
And its glory shall never be blighted.
We have bold hearts in Briton's dominions,
Who dare all that a Freeman should dare,
But the throne of the Queen is the watchword,
And let traitors and foemen beware.
Viva, viva, Victoria!
Viva, viva, Victoria!
Viva the Throne, viva the Queen,
Viva, viva, Victoria!

We'll have peace, but it must be with honour,
We have need of no new names in story;
But if war sound the tocsin, then Britain
Still has heroes enough for glory.
Shame the brawlers who trade in sedition,
Base misleaders who traffic in lies,
And beware lest these self-seeking martyrs,
Would-be-heroes, prove wolves in disguise.
Viva, viva, Victoria, &c.

By the head or the hand if he tolleth,
May the honest man live by his labour;
But the drones who can work and will not,
Shall not rest on the strength of his neighbour.
To the throne, as the safeguard of freedom,
By our birthright, allegiance we swear;
For the Queen, as the monarch of Freedom,
To the King of all kings be our prayer.
Viva, viva, Victoria, &c.

THE FIRST CANNON SHOT.

Hark! over Europe sounding,
The first, the signal gun,
The fire has burst, the blow is struck—
A fatal deed is done;
From north to south it echoes,
From east to west afar,
The insulted nations join their hands,
And gather to the war.

From restless slumber waking
The thunder in her ear,
Unhappy Poland starts to life,
And grasps her broken spear;
Old Rome grows young to hear it,
There's mischief in her glance;
And Hungary mounts her battle steed,
And waves her fiery lance.

Not long shall last the combat,
Though Russia laugh to scorn,
The wrongful cause if up to-day,
Is down to-morrow morn;
When France unites with England,
Beware defeat and shame;
Ye foes of right who force the fight,
And fan the needless flame.

Hark! over Europe sounding,
The first, the signal gun,
But when the last loud cannon peal,
Shall tell the victory won.
Be sure ye proud aggressors,
Your hours shall not be long;
They may not, shall not, cannot win—
Who battle in the wrong.

THERE CAME A TALE TO ENGLAND.

There came a tale to England,
'Twas of a battle won,
And nobly had her warriors,
That day their duty done;
They fell like sheaves in autumn,
Yet 'mid that fearful scene,
Their last shout was for England,
Their last breath for their Queen.

There came a tale to England,
Of suffering, want, and woe,
Of the night watch in the trenches,
Of the sortie by the foe;
'Mid rain and storm, and sickness,
With no rest, no pause between,
And there was grief through England,
From the humblest to the Queen.

Then wrote the Queen of England,
(God's blessing on her pen),
"Oh tell those noble wounded,
Those sick, patient suffering men,
There's no heart in England
Can feel a pang more keen,
That day and night her own lov'd troops,
Are thought of by their Queen."

Then rose a shout through England,
From them 'twas wafted o'er,
From those sick wounded soldiers,
And it rang from shore to shore;
From Alma and Balaklava,
And inermann it came,
'God bless the Queen of England,
Again we'd do the same.'

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turned;
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listen'd to the sounds
So familiar to his ear;
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which flutter'd in the breeze.
She breath'd a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear.
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And he wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot—
Ah, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Tho' tears were on his cheek,
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there,
Has wiped away a tear.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE

BLED.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to our gory bed,

Or to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle pour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha would fill a coward's grave?
Wha see base as be a slave?
Coward, turn and flee.

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will bravely draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

MOTHER: IS THE BATTLE OVER.

OR HE WILL NEVER COME AGAIN.

Music published by Lowry, Old Street.

Mother, is the battle o'er,
Thousands have been slain, they say,
Is my father coming?—tell me,
Have the English gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded,
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my father come again?
Mother, dear, you're always sighing,
Since you last the papers read,
Tell me, why you now are trying,
Why that cap is on your head?

Ah!—I see you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain,
Although he lov'd us very dearly,
He will never come again.
Yes, my boy, your noble father
Is one numbered with the slain,
We shall not see him more on earth,
But in heaven we'll meet again.
He died for old England's glory,
Our day may not be far between,
But I hope at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

AULD LANG SYNE.

(Burns.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gild-wille waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld &c.

And surely you'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld &c.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

With additional verses.

Published by Z. T. Furdady, Holborn.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On her our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
Bestow on our Queen to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart-applause—
God save the Queen!

O Lord, her consort bless,
Grant him in happiness
With her to reign.
In virtue great and strong,
May Albert's name be long,
The theme of Britain's song,
God save the Queen!

Oh, whilst the nation halles,
Our true born Prince of Wales,
May it be seen,
On Brunswick's Royal line,
That still thy light divine,
Its radiance sheds benign,
God save the Queen.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

By Bayard Taylor.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding;
When the heated guns of the ramps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scow,
Lay grim and threatening under—
The tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause, the Guardaman said,
'We storm the forts to-morrow!
Sing while we may, and her day
Will bring enough of sorrow.'

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and the Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Briton's glory,
Each heart recall'd a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek,
Washed on the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burn'd
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys roar'd
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer dune and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sung of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers, to your honoured rest,
Your truth and valour bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

OUR NATIVE LAND AND QUEEN.

Rise, proud Britain's sons, arise,
We need ye every one,
To swell aloud our homage song
Unto Victoria's throne!
Pour at her feet our loyal hymn,
And let our love be seen:
May heaven watch over and preserve
Our native land and Queen!

While nations sink unto the dust,
Calm, calm we stand alone,
Invincible, while we protect
Our altar and our throne.

Thou shalt triumph for ever,
As it has always been;
May heaven watch over and preserve
Our native land and Queen.

JACK AND THE BEAR SKIN.

One horse shays

A sailor and his tars,
Saf o'er their parting glass,
For the tar had volunteered to go to sea.
At the sailing signal, saying,
The lovely lass was sighing:
Saying—I fear you'll never come back to me.
Saying, I fear, &c.

My heart is cold with fear,
That you, my sailor, deem
In perils—the perils of the battle and the deep
Should be.

Oh, says he, you'll not be cold,
When your own sailor bold
Will bring you back a bear skin from the Bal-
tic sea.

With glory soon did Jack,
From the Baltic sea come back,
With such a lot of bear skins, that the proud
city,

With a gold box did present him,
And likewise compliment him,
With freedom of the ancient skinner's company
Then he went the girl to find
That he had left behind—

Won't she be glad to see me, bless her heart,
says he;

When proves her sailor blade
That the promise that he made,
To bring her back a bear skin from the Baltic
sea.

When Jack reappeared,
With a most enormous beard,
And heard of her transmigration, so you see
That his sweetheart never knew his,
Till at her feet he threw him,
All rolling on a bear skin from the Baltic sea.

Says Jack, I see,—my eyes—
The cause of your surprise.
You wonder that your sailor should be hairy b'
But, my hair did thus increase,
By using of bear's grease,
Such a quantity was slaughtered in the Baltic
sea.

Then Jack gave her a smack,
And the girl she cried, good luck,
You're rougher than a sweeping brush I vow,
says she,
Oh, says Jack, 'twas rather rougher;
How we made the bears to suffer,
When we were sweeping of the Baltic sea.

Says she, what will they do,
For the bear's grease that you
Have exhausted so much? Oh, says Jack to
she,

With hair they won't want rigging,
For we gave them such a wigging,
As will last them some time in the Baltic sea.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

AGOING TO THE WAR.

A Character Song. Sung by Mr. W. J. Adams.
By J. A. Hardwick.

Air—Savourneen Deelish.

The morning was cold when my cooky & I parted
Dressed up as a swaddy, agoing to the war;
She shoved a rabbit pie into my fist when I started
And a pound o' rump steak from off a bullock
raw.

Oh, sad was the scene, no von's sorrow could be
keener, (Rosina.)

As she clung to my bussum, and I said good bye
Farewell, my Angelina—Selina—Whitelinina—
Lavinia—Georgiana—I'm going to the war.

She cried, my dear Joe, I'm distracted to lose yer,
While her tears were all dripping like grease on
the floor,

Some harum-scarum lady in Turkey vill choose
yer, (more.)

You'll ved a Mussel-voman, I shall never see yer
Oh, no, maid of Grease, cried I, while she did lean
her

Fat kitchen-stuff against me, I'll act more
serener,

And ved my Angelina—Selina—Whitelinina—
Lavinia—Georgiana, when I comes from the war

I vent to the East and seed lots of killing,
The cock loud did crow, and the lion he did roar

But ve lost more, vot fainted, thro' marching and
drilling,

In the blessed Crim-e-a, then ve did by the war,
With knapsack and baggage, they would overload
us, (goad us,

Half checked in our stocks, nearly strangled did
our beer they cut off, and our rations they owed us
That's the glory they showed us, agoing to the
war.

I came back in tatters, and forty times leaner,
Than a teetotal rat, and for cooky did look I
But a Ramoneur chap, a wile chimney sweeper
Had jumped the broom, and stopped with my
ckle cook.

Oh, sad is my voo, no von's sorrow can be keener
I've lost the scan and vages I got out of Rosina
Almena—Angelina—Selina—Whitelinina—
Lavinia—Georgiana—that's going to the war.

Oh, sad is my voo, &c.

THE ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.

By T. Ramsay, and sung by Mr. Smith.

Air—Gaily goes the Ship.

There's the Royal Rifle corps,
On the sea or on the shore.
As brave as ever yet the field has seen—
It never yet was said
From our post we ever fled.
Then huzza, huzza huzza for the lads in green
In scurmishing tis known—
Our bravery we have shown
To bring a general action on the wage—
To rally and advance,
Nor throw away a chance,
And never met a foe yet but they did engage
The Royal Rifle Corps, &c.

Sharp shooting is their fun,
From the field they never run,
Whether in the line or forming of a square.

And Cavalry to resist
They always do insist,
And with the other forces they the dangers
share.

The Royal Rifle Corps—
Their colours ever bore,
With honour, and with glory, and success.
The foremost in the strife,
Death to the very knife,
But can the Loyal Rifle lads e'er do less!

Then huzza, huzza, huzza
To the Loyal Rifle corps—
Whose colours ne'er were taken by the foe?
Where danger's to be met,
Did they ever once forget
Their Discipline, their courage and their
force to show?
They never yet was beat—
In advance or in retreat,
And from the foe they always stood at large,
To advance was always ready—
Firm, and cool, and steady,
And a sweeping thunder storm upon the
charge.

THE BOLD RIFLE BRIGADE.

Written expressly for this work—Hardwick

Air—British Grenadiers.

The Rifle boys in freedom's cause
Have always foremost been;
In the Crimean war, they bravely bore,
The brunt of Battle keen.
As each Briton reads their valorous deeds,
And the efforts vast they made;
His spirit fires, his soul admires,
The bold Rifle Brigade.

CHORUS.

For they're the boys, in Glory's cause.
Who's laurels ne'er will fade;
Enduring fame enshrines the name,
Of the bold Rifle Brigade.

How many fell, we know too well,
In the campaign's early days,
And how they won, for deeds they done,
The Allied General's praise.
In the dread advance, of us, and Brancor
On the Malakoff, and Redan;
Like the Greeks of old all heroes held,
Were the Rifles, to a man.

As our Marksmen lay, by night and day,
In the Rifle pits concealed,
Fast fell the Czar's grim Officers,
Who were picked off the field.
Victorious and Glorious,
The Brigade led the way,
And with the French, in assault or trench,
Were the conquerors of the day.

Of all the Braves, who found their graves,
In the Crimea, bleak and cold,
No brighter name, on the scroll of fame
Than the Rifles, are enrolled.
Altho' we mourn, for heroes gone,
Whose gallant deeds forth stand,
For those who live, three cheers we give,
They're the Bulwarks of our land.

THE SLEEPING BRITISH LION.

A la "Punch."

New Comico-Político Song. ... Hardwick
Sung by C. J. Wilkins. Mr. Love-sick Lsoby.

As the picture in *Punch*, that man with a hunch,
Shows how the old brave British Lion
Seems asleep very sound, crouched down on the
ground,
And won't wake, unless goaded with iron.
So Johnny Bull snores, while rogues at his doors
Are trying to get in and steel
His liberties all—both nobs great and small—
He don't seem to heed an appeal

They've chloroformed you or you've had a drugged
cup,

You old British Lion, why don't you wake up?

Because food is cheap, will you always, asleep,
Take no notice of what's being done?
How they chisel and do—the upper-class few—
The Million and poor every one.
They say that you don't want reform and you won't
Stir your stumps to get any redress.
But Johnny, old flick, wake up, that's a brick,
And listen to the British Press

It seems as if vain, for you good to gain,
Great writers their powers display.
You won't have a jot, and fancy you've got
As much as you want in your day.
But lion reflect! if the means you neglect
In this age for getting reform,
When you're cold in the coffin and your young up
are grown,
At your negligence how they will storm

British Lion, old friend, do you *never* intend
To leave off your guzzling drink;
You redder your eyes and quaff the Franchise
Many times in your life—only think
How tototallers grin while you swallow up gin,
And can't get a vote —'cause for why?
You keep yourself poor and cannot secure
The privilege to vote, you're—so dry

Johnny Bull, don't sleep on while little Lord John
And Derby, Disraeli and Bright
Fight over each Bill; for none of theirs will
Give you what is clearly your right.
That's the Ballot, not less; listen to the *free* press
Not the *Times* the nobility buy:
The "Thunderer" cries, what we know to be lies,
That we don't want reform any way

Wake up, wake up, now, or there'll soon be a row,
Out the Ministry surely will go; *fates*,
They're beat on Church-rates; dissolution's their
And *their* reform we won't have, oh, no.
But still we will get the Suffrage, yet.
It's different to in "Thirty-one"
When knowledge was scant, and by bigotry, cant
And gammon, the people were undone.

They served Ernest Jones with vile hissing and
groans

At Birmingham, very unjust.

Tho' the Charter's no go, they might let him show
How the British Lion rolled in the dust.

Bright's bill's very good, but go further it should,
In giving the Suffrage to all. *soil*
Why should millions who toil bow to lords of the
And the "upper ten thousand" so small?

British Lion, awake! or advantage they'll take
And plunge you perhaps in a war,
To keep despots on thrones, while Queen Liberty
groans

Do just rouse and give them a roar,
To show you're not dead, shake mane, tail & head,
And be the same beast as of old;
Or else before long, they'll bind you so strong
That like Samson you'll surely be sold.

For they've chloroformed you, or you've had a
drugged cup;

Bold lion, old lion, make haste and wake up,
You brave British Lion, why don't you wake up?

(New Version.)

NEVER SAY DIE; IT WON'T DO.

Original Comic Song — Hardwick.

Air "Paddy's Museum."

They say that one-half of the world sirs,
Don't know how the other half live;
And I that have thro' it been hurled, sirs,
Of that an example can give.
In my time I have seen many phases
Of life, with its ups and its downs;
And dwelt in its high and low places,
With noblemen, beggars and clowns

But still thro' the world I am roaming
Like the wandering Jew, No. 2.
And scarce got a place to go home in,
I never say die—it won't do

My respectable dad had a horror
Of getting a living by work,
And had me brought up to my sorrow,
As lazy and dull as a Turk.
Dead languages, syntax and grammar,
I "crammed" on the banks of the Cam.,
But to knock in a nail with a hammer
I knew no more how than a lamb.

They filled my head so full of knowledge
With classical language and Greek,
That when I emerged from the College,
Common English I hardly could speak.
Then the old story, not worth a penny,
My dad "amputated his wood,"
And left me, with fortune not any,
To get thro' the world as I could

Then what could I do with my learning,
Tho' I'd got my degree of M.A?
Not a penny the "fathers" would turn in,
The butcher and baker to pay,
After wandering a vagabond, hurled, sir,
To and fro like a ball in the air,
I determined to live in the world, sir,
As a modernized Robert Macaire

As a passport to wealth, such credentials
As "Belles Lettres" I threw to the dogs,

Concluding that life's three essentials,
Were boarding and lodging and togs,
And by fair means or foul to possess 'em,
I went in determined to win;
And the verdant Bull family, Lor' bless 'em!
They found me in dianers and tin.

But while levying "Black Mail" on the public
It wasn't all honey I found;
For often I did like a cub, lick
When hungry, my platter all round.
But with birdseye I blew away sorrow,
"Boy, never say die" was my way.
For perhaps a new swindle to-morrow
May pay for being hard up to day.

Since the days when I left "Alma Mater"
How various the "feeds" I've been at,
From a civic blow out to a "tater,"
From turtle and venison to sprat.
I've swallowed champagne, hock and claret,
At Long's and the Clarendon Club,
And I've done half-a-pint in a garret
While giving my dickey a rub

I've driven a dog-cart and tandem
And sported a thorough-bred mare;
Alas, too, I've driven at random
A cab with a sixpenny fare.
I've figured away in the "Poses,"
Done the ghost at old Richardson's show;
I've been Poet Laureate to Moses,
And "fast" tutor to gents who were slow

In the days when the iron king, Hudson
Was "staggering" and scrip it would sell,
I'd a shirt with a set of gold studs on,
And "hung out" at Morley's hotel.
But the panic came, all had a share in
(Except a few knowing old files)
Then I found myself cooking a herring
In a second floor back on the "Dials"

You may call me a schemer, a dodger,
A sharper, a rogue and all that,
But believe me, while here you're a larder
You'd better be sharper than flat.
Now to see life like me, if your aim is
Its rumbles and tumbles to view,
Then the motto, whatever your game is,
Is never say die—it won't do

(New Comic Version.)

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

Sung by Mr. W. Adams ... J. A. Hardwick.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the good time will be giving
Such plentiful increase to feed the high and low,
That everything good for us noble Britons living,
Will be four times as big and prices very low,
Shrimps to be the size of turtle and longer,
Sheep as large as elephants, and winkles big as
cats;
The smallest eel the size of a ten-pound conger,
And turbot quite as common, and as cheap as
sprats.

Cheer, boys, cheer! like bees about us humming,
Cheer, boys, cheer! the idea's getting strong;

Cheer, boys, cheer! the "good time" it is coming!
Cheer, boys, cheer! for it won't be very long.

Cheer, boys, cheer! abuses all are going,
And knowledge shall even get in the House of
Lords;

The famed T. P. Cooke engaged is in showing
The duties of tars to the Admiralty Boards,
Slow naval lords are getting into motion,
And wont confine themselves to a trip to the Nore,
Nor fancy the Thames is the Atlantic Ocean,
Nor take the Lord Mayor's barge to be a man-of-
war.

Cheer, boys, cheer! our daughters and our spouses
Won't be kept imprisoned, unless they choose to
stay,

In Nunneries, and grim bastille-looking houses.
They're going to let in then, it's time, the light of
day.

Ladies in *ceils* should never hide their features,
"Sisters of Mercy" may be slaves to miseries;
John Bull in houses would keep all the dear crea-
tures

By his own fireside; but he don't want none of
these (Nunneries)

Cheer, boys, cheer, when all adulterations
Shall cease; we shall then live twice as long,
And improve so much that future generations
Will grow twelve feet high, and be as Samson
strong.

In the good time coming among other glories,
Doctors' bills and physic shall all be done away,
Only to remain in old womens' stories,
And nobody be plagued about dreadful quarter-day

Cheer, boys, cheer! instead of us going wooing,
As we poor weak men are now obliged to do
The ladies with tears, will us be pressing,
And be glad to get us, if we've not got a screw.
Then wont it be *our* turn to come Mrs. Caudle
And give them curtain lectures, which we've had
so long;
Then we'll go out shopping while they by us dau-
To pay our bills and carry small parcels away

Cheer, boys, cheer! talk of "table turning,"
That's nothing to the wonders we may behold soon
Such marvels in science we soon will be learning;
It will be quite common, a railway to the moon.
Perhaps they'll do away with railways altogether,
And every one will fly like eagles up so high;
Then with our wings we shall all be in feather,
And wont we, all so jolly, go out *upon the fly*

ALBION'S BLUE EYES

Ballad, Sung by Miss Leslie ... Hardwick

Air "*Erin, my country.*"

I've seen the dark maidens 'mid Spain's lovely
daughters.

Who's eyes like the light of the diamond displayed
I've seen the Greek damsels, beside the still
waters,

In classical beauty, beneath the green shade;
Fair Italy's beauties, in loveliness blushing;

I've gazed on them all; but, oh, none could I prize;
But love the land where the British rills gushing,
Sing murmuring praise, to sweet Albion's blue eyes!

They may sing of the lands of the east and their glories,
And boast of the Harems beneath Turkish shies;
They may keep their sultanas, and dream of their houries;

And tell of their Mahomet's famed Paradise.
The dark Andalusian beside the cool fountain,
May rival in beauty her own sunny skies;
But, oh, give me the land of vale, valley, & mountain,
And give me for beauty dear Albion's blue eyes!

The Sultan may revel in love's wildest passion,
And purchase earth's loveliness merely for gold;
He may choose the sweet Persian, and dark-haired Circassian;

But, oh, why should woman and beauty be sold?
Let them call their royal maidens the "Roses of Sharon,"

If roses are all, then how soon the rose dies.
But there's one in the land of Thames, Effy, and Carrun,
She's my love, and the brightest of Albion's blue eyes.

DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

A Copyright Comic song, written by C. P. Cove,
and sung by Mr. Hollingsworth.

Air "Adam and Eve"

The other morn, with grog elated
Some perhaps would say intoxicated,
To bed I went as day was beaming,
Dropped off to sleep and soon fell dreaming,
And as my dreams may perhaps amuse you,
A sketch of them I can't refuse you;
I've got the lot in slick rotation
And I hope they'll meet your approbation

So pay attention while I'm humming
The dreams I had of the "good time coming."

Now I dreamt that right throughout the nation,
Contentment reigned in every station;
John Bull, poor fellow, who could doubt him,
At length had got his wits about him.
The rulers of our land I thought sirs,
Appeared to be the men they ought, sirs;
Their lethargy they seemed to shake off,
And *Punch* was puzzled who to take off.

Now I dreamt I saw with admiration,
In female dress a reformation.
The charming girls no longer vain here,
For *Crinoline* had lost the mania.
Each husband's heart was blithe and jolly
To think his wife had cut such folly.
No fear had he of her skirts now singing
Nor having to run for the *Parish engine*

Now I dreamt the Prince of Wales, brave colonel,
Had won our gratitude eternal.
In heroic deeds, I am no believer,
He almost reached his noble sire.

His brother Alf, it's quite surprising,
In the naval line was likewise rising;
No longer treated like a dolt here,
He ranked as mate on board a *Collier*

Now I dreamt the reverend Mr. Spurgeon
Religious truths had ceased to urge on;
For thus he thought, and who'd dispute him,
The stage was just the place to suit him.
At the royal Vic. with beam panting
I dreamt I next beheld him ranting,
And in the death scene when they flogged him
The gallery gods at once encored him

Now I dreamt I saw tetotaller Gough, sirs,
His pint of porter coolly quaff sirs;
While *Quaker Bright*, with courage a hot boy,
Had offered to fight the "Elastic Pot-Boy."
I dreamt Sims Reeves and Madam Gizi
Were singing duets at a "free and easy,"
And that Barnum, the great American showman
Introduced as a novelty Charley Slobman.

Now I dreamt the *Times* ne'er printed a coarse case,

And we seldom heard of a sad divorce case,
And I dreamt famed Julien free from shame too,
Composed each piece he put his name to.
I dreamt I met a medical student
Whose actions were discreet and prudent,
And I dreamt they shut up every bad house,
And that Ben Caunt opened a private mad house.

But when I reached this point in dreaming,
Awoke I was by a sudden screaming;
For my wife whose love each year increases,
Was just about to fall to pieces;
Of course I couldn't then upraid her,
So I called the doctor in to aid her,
And lucky it is that my temper's supple,
For that very day she had a couple,

And thus my sense completely numbing,
I awoke from my dream of the 'good time coming'

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

New Character Medley, written for and sung by
the Clifton Family, at the "Green Gate" Saloon.

J. A. Hardwick

"Chant."

Now in the life of a soldier you my view
The different stages a hero goes through;
From the time martial glory induces him to roam,
To the day the laurelled victor returns to his home.
He must endure fatigue, cold, hunger and drouth,
"Seeking bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth;"
And as he leaves his country for his country's good
Why, honor & take care of him his country should

Merry month of May.

About the merry month of May,
Recruiting wheeling serjeant come,
And while the rustic lads away
With tales of honor and glory—all hum!
Battles, gory—lots of glory,
Fires the young aspirant's mind;

**On they go, to the depo
And leave their homes and friends behind.**

Helmet on his Brow.

With the ribbons on his brow,
And glory in his eye,
Pot-vallant William goes away,
The chance of war to try.
A corporal in a week,
They gammon him he'll be ;
And in a month or two, perhaps,
He'll gain a captaincy— (Pickles)
With the ribbons, &c.

Brighton Camp.

How oft has the degrading lash
The soldier's spirit broke!
Oh, that fellow man may'st back should gash
For words perhaps idly spoke.
From duty if he does depart,
And they to the halberds bind him,
How must it wring the trusting heart
Of the girl he's left behind him.

Strict martinets have exercised
 O'er their troops undue coercion,
 And often so much tyrannized,
 That it has caused desertion:
 As thoughts of far-off home and love
 Uprise the soldier's breast in;
 The heart like Noah's wandering dove,
 Longs for a place of resting.

Jeannette and Jeanot.

To his native village home flies the poor deserter,
now,
The smart is in his back and dark gloom upon his brow;
The lash has done its work, and he reeks not fame
or name;
He only thinks of sorrow now, and longs to hide
his shame.
What a sequel to the story of promotion he was told
He's found, in camp and barracks, all that glitters
is not gold.
He'll be taken and the "cat" may be piled on him
again,
But to make him love the service, it will be all in
vain
To make him love, &c.

British Grenadiers.

The thundering cannons rattle now,
And the enemy appears;
The British Guards and Infantry
Hail Victory with three cheers.
Our hero, minus arm or leg,
Homeward may wend his way,
And get, for losing his right peg,
Sixpence ha'penny a day. And get, &c.

Calder Fair.

Now the war is over the soldier's home again,
No more to be a rover, nor tread the battle plane,
Grandames and sires, hoary, throng the warrior to
Behold, and tales of war and glory, he'll tell to young and
old.

THE CAMP AT ALDERSHOT

Original Comic Song, sung by Mr. W. Edmonds
Air, *Ballooning*. — J. A. Hardwick

"The pride and pomp and circumstance of wars,"
all very fine,
But like peacemen, the reality myself I'd find I'd de-
The Aldershot camp's all the go, to go each one in-
clines;
So about that camp I've just formed some Military
Fol di rol, &c.

One day, with a *private* friend of mine, who is a man of *rank*, *flank*. I moved there in the *van*, and inspected rear and I looked in the camp kitchen, and saw how their food they dress. And only hope they like it, for it is a regular *mess*. Regiments of horse and food appeared; *commanders* orders flew. There were colonels, captains, corporals, majors, and *minors* too. When Prince Albert came into the field, bedecked in sundry stars. There wasn't many *cheers*, tho' there were plenty of *huzzas* (*hussara*.)

They went thro' their manoeuvres till there came a stormy squall.

Down fell the rain, which seemed to throw a damper over all:

Commanders drew their gingham, crying "match my gallant fellows!"

Unfoster, fix alpacas, shoulder, up with umbrellas'
My friend told me the Aldershot troops glory
meant to gain.

And expect to have *tin medals* for their dangerous campaign, scores,

I hope they'll get 'em sooner than old veterans, by
Did *theirs* for the Peninsular and many other wars

It's curious, for fear of agues, colds and quarters damp

How young officers sold out when they heard of Aldershot camp.

They thought it round the Horse Guards all very well to trot.

They couldn't condescend at all to share the common lot.

It's very grand no doubt, but there's many mal-contents.

Who'd sooner *pitch* in the Sepoys, than be there,
pitching tents. view.

Recruits are raw, old soldiers hate the toil of a re-
The Life Guards all look dismal, and the Royal

Horse Guards blue.
The Household Troops, especially decorated with

The Housewife troops, especially, deplore, with rueful looks, the loss of kitchen pickings among the West.

end cooks ;
But policemen are exulting for they'll get a double

If they went off awhile, too, 'twould save many a joint of meat

Servant girls are anxiously petitioning for holidays

"Please mum, to see my cousin, mum, he can't
call now a days;"

Tho' red coats take em in, when their wages girls
have got,
Still damsels prove camp followers, and march to
Aldershot,

The farmers round the neighbourhood detest the
name of camp;
They say, that, lost enough before, by gipsies and
by tramps;
Now poultry disappears, and each laundress daily
That the troops don't keep their own, but encroach
upon their lines

Our soldiers famed for love and glory are, in all
their quarters,
Now boast they lay seige to the hearts of the farm-
ers' daughters.

Talk of town being full of children, why, next year
we shall see
Round Aldershot, a great increase in arms of
Infantry.

Well, I'm neither an alarmist, nor believe what
peacemen say,
But let's keep our troops effective, for we might
want them some day;
And John Bulls not the sort of man to quietly give
For in case of an invasion, we'd ail go in and win.

STARLIGHT BESS

By T. Ramsay.

Air, *It's My Delight.*

I'm a fortune-telling gypsy; I know my trade full
pat,
With my flowing locks and wicked eye & knowing
gypsy hat.

I freely roam from place to place, and people
know me well,
At racecourse meetings, fairs or wakes, but in no
town I dwell

A merry fortune-teller and this is my address:
The gipsy's tent neath the greenwood tree,
They call me Starlight Bess

They may call me what they please so that they
don't call me too late for a good chance, and I'll
take care care I will not be in many bad ones. The
men think me a fool. I am sure they are. They
chuck me under the chin, then they drop me a
shilling, and I drop them a bob [curtsies] Benley
Gorge, he calls me the flower of the forest; he
says I am always blooming. Matt of the mill says
I am the lark, for I am always up so early and full
of my fun. Martin of the mist says I am Starlight
Bess. But all agree I am good at fortunes. Shall
I tell yours Miss, — or yours, sir, — or yours — or
yours?

I make love charms and sonnet. I'm studied in the
moon.

I can unreele the web of fate, can cheek or grant a
I cast up folks nativities, make and give love
them;

I fortunes tell by cards or looks, and unriddle mys-
tic charms

Chorus

At dreams I am first rate and also at the signs.
Should your young man Miss, be born under the
Dog-star, Miss, you are like to have a puppy for a
husband; if under the Bull he will be thickheaded
If under the Fishes he will be a drunkard. Now,
if you dream of fish you are likely to have a scaley

husband; if a sole he will be a cobbler; of a sprat
he will be poor, If you dream of a goldfish, your
husband will be rich; if you dream of flat-fish in
general, you will have a fool; if of raw lobsters
you will have a policeman; but if of a red herring
you will have a soldier, and should it be a hard-
roed herring you will have plenty of children.

Chorus.

THE SOLDIER'S REWARD.

New Duet, sung by Mr. and Mrs. Webber

Music "*See the Conquering Hero*" ... Hardwick

[Enter Recruiting Serjeant and Officer opposite
side.]

OFFICER.— (not noticing Serjeant.) Once more,
after hard service on the bleak hills and
trenches of the Crimea, do I return to my na-
tive village. But how changed! I left it an
awkward raw lad, and now I return an officer
and a gentleman—but not on sick leave, nor
under pretence of "urgent private affairs,"
and leaving others to bear the dangers and fa-
tigues of battle, but ordered home with my
company that I gained the command of for
valour at Sebastopol. Hal! a recruiting ser-
jeant! Why, surely, yes; it's the same one
who enlisted me when I entered the army;
I'll speak to him. [Crosses to serjeant]

Air "*Red, White and Blue.*"

O.—My man, by your looks I've a notion,
I've seen you recruiting before;
And thro' you I gained my promotion,
By sending me out to the war.

[Serjeant gives Military salute.]

SERGEANT.

Why captain you dont mean to say as
'Twas you I enlisted down here?
Well it proves that the nation does pay us
Sometimes for our arduous career

BOTH.

I've (you've) fought for my (your) country, true,
Where the death-dealing bullets past flew,
Beneath the brave banners of England,
Allied with the red, white and blue

O.—Ah, my old friend, it was thro' you I was made
a man of; you inspired my heart with glory.
and I went out determined to win it, and *did*;
and here I am, come home for a visit to old
friends and places. But how is it I meet you
in the self-same spot? Haven't you been out
and gained a step higher?

S.—No, captain. You see, the war was hot, and
the army lost so many brave fellows. that there
was hard work to keep the supply of recruits
up: so they kept me on home service. We
found the food for powder, and you out there
used it up.

O.—Ah, we *did* use it up, indeed, and not by losses
in battle, either, but thro' neglect, Serjeant
Gammon, sheer cold and cruel mismanagement
that left the brave fellows to starve while abun-
dance of food and clothing lie rotting in the
harbour.

S.—perhaps it was according to military orders,
Captain Dash. We must observe orders in the
Army.

O.—Order—no, 'twas the want of order, serjeant;

'twas foul disorder; humbug, routine, and thick-headed noodleism of red-tape that caused it. But 'tis past, 'tis past; tho' when I think of it I could—Pshaw! may old England never lose another gallant army thro' incapable generals abroad and titled noodles at home.

S.—Amen to that, captain. But how did you rise so rapidly?

O.—Well, I'll tell you, serjeant—

"Helmet on his brow."

Upon the great Redan,
On that disastrous day,
With Wyndham bold, I was the man
Who first there made my way.
We fought, we struggled—won.
Thank fate, I was not shot;
And when the bloody fight was done,
I my Commission got.

Yes, that's the way I got my commission serjeant.

S.—Well boy—beg pardon, captain; excuse me; but so many boys are captains, that I couldn't help the expression.

O.—Aye, my man, I know how merit's slighted, but there are exceptions, and walk over old officers' heads, as the boys of the aristocracy do in the army when a senior officer dies, yet the boys, the stripling ensigns, the beardless cornets, young and bred in the lap of luxury, as they had been, walked up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns at Alma and Inkermann, and met death as brave and fearless as ever did the "Old Guard" of Napoleon; and went at it as if it was a mere game at cricket.

S.—Yes, and so they did, I'm told, at Balacklava, didn't they captain?

O.—Ah, that's another matter I'll tell you of over a glass. Come along, serjeant, and let's fraternize, and talk of battles and sieges.

[Exit both]
[Encore to finish.]

ARMSTRONGS WONDERFUL GUN

New Comic Song, written expressly for this Work

Air "The Crocodile." J. A. Hardwick.

Talk of Captain Walker's Long-range—
Indeed it was all walker,
It didn't make a bit of change,
Tho' he was such a talker.
But Armstrong's wonderful Monster gun,
That has appeared this season—
Why, that's the real and only one
To bring our foes to reason.

Let 'em shout and let 'em kick,
We care for never a one,
Well we know how to do the trick
With Armstrong's wonderful gun.

They say that Armstrong's wonderful gun
Will carry a ball to Calais;
Let's hope if need they'll make one run
Bang to the Tuilleries Palace,
If Nap. should play up any game.
His troops wesoön could harrass,
It's only just to take an aim,
And rain cannon balls on Paris.

New Armstrong, can't you make a gun
To carry a shot to Naples?
And put an end to Bomba's fun,
That hero of chains and staples.
If you could drop one on his nut,
It would be doing a kindness
To his subjects up in prison shut,
Thro' that cruel tyrant's blindness.

With this new gun we have no fear
Of any French invasion,
The British Channel we'd soon clear,
With such a strong persuasion.
No diplomatic notes, no waste
Of words on negotiations.
Of Armstrong's long-range give 'em a taste,
If they attack free nations.

As well as war this gem in peace
Will do great execution,
'Twill knock over a flock of geese,
Out of sight or observation.
And bring an eagle down, though he
Is a hundred miles in the air up;
At the man in the moon we soon shall see
This wonderful great gun flare-up.

Let Napoleon fill his arsenals
With ships to be invading,
With all his cannon, bomb and shells,
His treachery to be aiding;
We care no jot—we'd send to pot
His vessels every one;
And smash his fleet entire, complete,
With Armstrong's wonderful gun.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below.
The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall always true remain.
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer she must stay on board,
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land.
Adieu! she cried, and waived her lily hand.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us!
The woes and pains, the galling chains,
That kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain, we've broke again,
And tore each link assunder!
March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us,
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us.
Who for his country brave
Would fly from her invader?
Who, his base life to save,
Would, traitor like degrade her,
Our hallowed cause, our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant Power sustaining;
We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
Or die, our rights maintaining.
March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us,
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us,

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

The tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his weary feet,
And to the shelter of the grave,
Has made a safe retreat.
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
To arms shall call in vain;
Ned's quartered in the arms of death—
He'll never march again.
A boy he left his father's home,
The chance of war to try.
O'er regions yet untrod to roam,
No friend or brother nigh,
Yet still he'd march contented on,
'Midst danger, death, and pain;
But now he'll halt, his toil is done,
He'll never march again.
The sweets of spring by beauty's hand,
Lie scatter'd o'er his bier;
His comrades as they silent stand,
Give honest Ned a tear.
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
Chief-mourner of the twin,
Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,
He'll never march again.

NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with our bayonets turning,
By the straggling moon-beams' misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

We thought as we heaped his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep
on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carry'd not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

OH, LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Oh, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some opening plain.
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain,
Brave manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace,
Its ancient chivalry,
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell
Enough, they murmur at my grave—
He like a soldier fell.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are coming, O ho:
The Campbells are coming to Bonnie Loch-
leven,
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho.

Upon the Lomonds Day, I say,
Upon the Lomonds Day, I say,
I lookit down to Bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three perches play.
The Campbells are coming &c.

Great Argyle he goes before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
With sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are coming O ho, O ho.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
With banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE SENTINEL.

In the night, when the watch-light beside him
 was burning,
 The sentinel stood on the field of the dead,
 Yet then hope, on the wing of the midnight re-
 turning,
 Came clad in the smiles of the days that were
 fled.
 And though a soldier's mind might roam
 Back to the vanished battle day,
 He thought of his love and he thought of his home,
 For the fields where he fought were far and away.
 Then turning again from the strife and the slaugh-
 ter,
 We swept the blue waves of a far distant sea,
 Yet he sighed as he bent o'er the dark ocean water,
 For the wild wave that bore him still bore him
 from thee.
 Then, as we cleft the green sea foam,
 Or flew before the silvery spray,
 He thought of his love, and he thought of his home,
 While his vessel was bounding afar and away!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
 lower'd,
 And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the
 sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'd
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot, that guarded the
 slain
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet
 way,
 To the house of my fathers that welcomed me
 back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was
 young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.
 Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in the fulness of heart.
 "Stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice of my dreaming ear melted away.

BATTLE SONG.

Up, comrades up—see the morn's o'er the moun-
 tains,
 Rouse from your slumber and rush on the foe;
 Though bright and clear now ere ev'ning the
 fountains,
 Dark with the blood of the slaughtered shall
 flow.

'Tis our last struggle for freedom and honour,
 Blow your wild trumpets and call up the brave,
 Fight for your country—shame is upon her!
 On to the conflict to die or to save.
 Farewell, ye dear ones, that ere the invader,
 Wasted our vallies, have soften'd and charm'd
 The hearts of our country, with feelings that made
 her,
 Best belov'd land that romance ever warm'd.
 Here to our lutes we've been singing inglorious,
 But spear and shield to our grasp are now given,
 We'll meet again here, ere night if victorious,
 If not, adieu then—we'll meet yet in heaven.
 Up, comrades, up—see the morn's o'er the moun-
 tains!
 Rouse from your slumber and rush on the foe!
 Though bright and clear now ere ev'ning the
 fountains,
 Dark with the blood of the slaughter'd shall
 flow.
 And tho' we die—we shall yet live in story.
 True hearts we'll prove to our country and name.
 Death may have terrors, but still there's a glory
 In dying for native land, freedom, and fame

REST, WARRIOR REST.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight
 He comes thro' the storm, and the darkness of
 night,
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door;
 Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow;
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his
 eye,
 Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.
 Rest, warrior, rest.
 Sunk in silence and sleep, in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell,
 Of his lady-love's bow'r, and her latest farewell.
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies look'd in his
 arms;
 He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her
 kiss,
 Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber is bliss;
 Rest, warrior, rest.

PEACE TO THE DEAD.

Published by Jefferys, Soho square.
 Peace to the dead, if fought in truth,
 So good, so beautiful an die,
 But sure thy spirit's only gone.
 To add another star on high.
 Peace to the dead—
 The holy dead,
 Whose requiem's said
 By the night winds o'er their lonely bed.
 As every season some new flower,
 To hide thy grave, will bloom above,
 So thoughts of all thy worth shall grow,
 Till grief's forgotten quite in love,
 Peace to the dead—
 The holy dead—
 Whose requiem's said
 By night winds o'er their lonely bed.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian-angels sung this strain;
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall:
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tear the skies,
Serve but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous fame,
And work their woe—but thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine:

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

BRITONS, UNITED, MUST, PREVAIL

My ship's my house, my home, my land,
My family not few;
My children those whom I command,
A bold and jolly crew;
And while together thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

For treasure, I've my seamen's love,
And if the foe intends
To venture forth, he soon may prove
The value of such friends,
For while, together, thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS.

What should fire a Briton's heart
When his land's in danger?
Courage and his patriot-strength,
To repel each stranger?
Should the foe insult our flag,
What shall cause his wonder?
England's conquering wooden walls
And their deep-mouthed thunder!

Thus shall England ever prove
Great in warlike story.
And her Britons ever shine
In the page of glory!

Heart and hand will e'er unite,
Fearless what befalls them;
Ever ready day or night,
When their country calls them!

THE GOOD RHINE WINE

Pour out the Rhine wine, let it flow
Like a free and gushing river;
Till sadness sinks, and every woe
Lie drowned beneath its waves for ever;
For naught can cheer the hearts that pine
Like a deep deep draught of the good Rhine wine.
Like a deep, &c.

Pour out the Rhine wine evermore,
Let the goblet ne'er be tiring;
The poet's song, and the sages' lore,
And the patriot's lofty soul inspiring.
For an offering meet at Freedom's shrine
Is a deep draught of the good Rhine wine.

Pour out the Rhine wine, when each hand
Doth grasp a brimming measure,
The pledge shall be our fatherland,
And freedom, friendship, love and pleasure.
Then hurrah for the land of the purple vine!
And a deep deep draught of the good Rhine wine.

FOLLOW THE DRUM.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum;
Soldiers thro' the town marched gay,
The village flew at the sound of the drum.
From windows lasses looked a score,
Neighbours met at every door;
Serjeant twirled his sash and story,
And talked of wounds, honor and glory. 'Twas, &c.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough
His team and tillage—all, by gum!
Of a country life he'd had enough,
He'd leave it all and follow the drum!
He'd leave his thrashing in the barn.
To thrash his foes right soon he'd learn;
With sword in hand he would not parley,
But thrash his foes instead of the barley.

The cobbler he threw by his awl,
When all were glad he'd ne'er be glum,
But quick attend to glory's call,
And like a man follow the drum,
No more at home he'd be a slave,
But take his seat amid the brave;
In battle's seat none should be prouder,
'Stead balls of wax he'd have balls of powder.

The tailor he got off his knees,
And to the ranks did boldly come;
He said he ne'er would sit at his ease,
But follow the rest and follow the drum.
How he'd leather the fies, good Lord!
When he'd a bodkin for a sword.
The French should find he didn't wheedle,
When he'd a spear instead of a needle.

Three old women, the first was lame,
The second was blind and the third nigh dumb;
To stay behind was a burning shame,
They'd follow the men and follow the drum!
Our wills are good, but lack a day,
To catch the soldiers we will try for it,
For where there's a will there's always a way,
We'll walk a mile or two if we die for it.